THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, May 23, 1808.

Character of the late amiable Countess Dowager of Moira.

THIS lady was uncommonly gifted; great powers of memory, great quickness of intellect, and a peculiar easy, yet splendid elocution, with which she adorned whatever subject she touched upon, whether the mere passing events of the day, the various topics of literature, or those useful arts by which the community is benefited, and the resources of a nation enlarged. Her acquaintance with such branches of knowledge was by no means limited or superficial; on the contrary, some learned societies have borne respectful testimony to her acquirements in this particular, and the real utility which flowed from the productions of her active and discerning genius.

She was married to the late earl of Moira in February, 1752: and resided in Dublin, or the north of Ireland (with the exception of one year's absence in France) for more than half a century, for the long period of fifty-six years. Let those who remember what Moira-house was in the earlier days of that period, when she led and reflected a grace upon every beneficial fashion; when she cultivated the fine arts; when she rendered her house the favourite spot where every person of genius or talents in Dublin, or who visited Dublin, loved most to resort to; let such persons say, whether Moira-house, and its illustrious lady, as well as its truly noble and beneficent lord, deserve not every panegyric which gratitude can bestow.

She was the last in a direct line of the great name of Hastings—the last! a word when so applied, every liberal nature will dwell upon with melancholy sensations, even to enthusiasm—such are, perhaps, the universal feelings of mankind in favour of exalted birth, which a vain-glorious philosophy never

can eradicate, that when a race of nobility, distinguished by the length of years during which they wore their honours uninterrupted, is finally terminated; the extinction of such a family is regarded, not without a generous sympathy; but when the tomb closes on a noble matron, the representative of a great house, with whose history the best, and, perhaps, most inspiring images of our earliest days, are associated, and herself not inferior to any in that history, it is scarcely possible, even for a stranger, not to hang over such a tomb, without every emotion of sorrow, of regret, and of veneration. Such sentiments may ill accord with a frivolous, and in some respects, a selfish age. Be it so—yet this age, even under the influence of a more than iron war, and much bigotry, has not lost "all its original brightness," but retains much of its good old virtues undiminished. It possesses domestic charity at least; and those who know how to appreciate charity, will learn to venerate the memory of the countess of Moira, for in truth she may be said to have been charity itself. She had a strong resemblance, in many respects, to her ancestors: a lofty spirit, magnificence of disposition, untired hospitality—altogether, she was a lady of other times; and when she mingled with society, more than her increased infirmities would of late years allow, few persons ever beheld her without something of more heroic days passing in indistinct, yet splendid, array, before the imagination. In the reception of persons of the first distinction at her house, there was an air, a dignity, will hardly be equalled, and never can be surpassed. But the noble manner, the imposing ceremonial of life, leave but slight vestiges for remembrance, compared to those intrinsic and domestic virtues, which give to the female sex their truest ornament. In all the private relations of life, she was, to the utmost, valuable! Her maternal duties she fulfilled with the enlightened spirit, and more, perhaps, than the sensibility of a Cornelia. They could only be equalled by the unceasing assiduities, the soothing tenderness, the sweet and pious and filial regards which accompanied her to her last hour—but sorrow is sacred, and the writer forbears.

This imperfect tribute is the product of an hasty moment, resting indeed upon the basis of truth, but no exact delineation of Lady Moira's character. Ireland will long have cause to regret her—she cultivated its best interests—to the gentry, she displayed an example of attachment to the country, which they might have well imitated—to the peasantry, of all descriptions, she was a guardian friend—to every illiberal, party-distinction, whether arising from a false zeal for the state or religion, she was an unprejudiced enlightened opponent. From the contemplation of such a character it is, indeed, not easy to withdraw.

She

She survived her husband nearly fifteen years. She was daughter to Theophilus, and sister to Francis, late earls of Huntingdon. Her mother was the Lady Selina Shirley, daughter of Earl Ferrers; the countess died in the month of April, of the present year.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 36.

Mrs. Rhymer to the Editor.

SIR,

BEING the wife of your correspondent, Roger Rhymer, esq. I make no apology for addressing you; not, indeed, that any would be requisite, had I been less honourably allied, since the chief intent of my letter is to warn the thoughtless and unwary of my sex against precipitate marriages; and I am convinced, Sir, from what I have seen of your Weekly Entertainer, that you are never backward in endeavouring to promote the interest and happiness of society.

Though my husband has occasionally dropped some of his sublime lucubrations into your Letter-Box, he has not, I believe, let you into the secret of his professional station, or family connections; I shall, therefore, inform you that he is a young farmer, of good property, and of eminent integrity; but (oh! hang those *buts*, whenever a person would say a kind thing of his neighbour, in pops a rascally *but*, and spits in the very face you were just before admiring), but, sorrowful to relate, Roger dabbles in the Pierian spring; and *that*, you know, was never the method of amassing wealth, or contributing to domestic felicity. Of this I was well aware, and my friends strenuously endeavoured to terminate the match, *but* I must needs have a husband, and a husband is a husband whatever he be. I was accordingly married about six months ago to the aforesaid Roger, who composed a splendid epithalamium on the occasion. "Repentance," says some bard, "never comes too late;" except, I presume, in matrimony; for when once the fatal noose is tied, farewell freedom 'till "Death us do part." You will find, Sir, by a perusal of the hymeneal ceremony, (if you don't already know it from experience) that marriage ends in *amazement*; and so verily have *I* found it. My eyes are at length opened to the imprudence of my conduct; and, were it in my power to make a fresh choice, I would rather be linked to the most errant blockhead in the world, than marry one of your modern Apollos.

As I have just stated, I again repeat, that my husband's property and integrity are excellent; but the former daily dimi-

nishes by means of his inattention; and the amiableness of the latter is lost in the ridicule of his eccentricities. When, of a morning, he sallies forth to superintend the management of the farm, he never forgets his memorandum book and pencil; this I at first attributed to prudence, thinking he recorded the number of acres that were tilled; or intended to enrich the world with some sage agricultural observations; but accidentally meeting with his pocket companion, I found, (to my inexpressible chagrin) a sonnet to a daisy, an elegy on a worm killed by the plough, and an invocation to Ceres. Thus, whilst he soared on the winged horse, the servants act as improperly as they please, without the least controul, or fear of discovery. When I sit down, and seriously reflect on the subject, I anticipate nothing less than speedy and inevitable ruin; and as to diverting him from his favourite study, you might as well attempt to convince us women that flattery is a vice, or matrimony an evil. Such is his rage for poetry, that even his horses are called by the most absurd names; *Horace* is just set off with corn to the mill; and, in the afternoon, *Homer* will carry me with this letter to the post-office.

But I had almost forgotten to relate a ridiculous circumstance that occurred on the third night after marriage. I know not how it happens (unless I may thank the loquacity and superstition of my nurse), but I was always a shocking coward in the dark; and, in spite of every rational argument, could never get the better of it; judge, therefore, of my consternation, when on awaking from a horrible dream about midnight, I saw, by the light of the moon, a tall white figure, standing near the chamber window. Its attitude reminded me of the ghost in Hamlet; not that I was just then induced to make any critical observations on the subject, for, instead of invoking "Angels and ministers of grace" to defend me, I shrieked aloud, and instantly disappeared beneath the blankets. My retreat had scarcely been effected, ere I was well convinced that the cause of my alarm was no *aërial* being; for, in an instant, bounce it came upon the bed. This was worse and worse, and, from the instinct of self-preservation, I endeavoured, by an extraordinary exertion of my whole frame, to disencumber myself from such an unwelcome visitant; in this I succeeded to my heart's desire, and the *thing* (for I knew not what to make of it) was hurled out of bed much quicker than it came in. Souse it fell on the floor, making, at the same time, such a dreadful crash, that I began to think it must be one of our China images metamorphosed into a giant. But the melancholy moanings of my husband soon undeceived me, and put an end to my fright. In short, this terrific spectre proved to be no less a personage than the unfortunate Roger, who (instead of sleeping, like other rational beings) had employed

ployed himself in the contemplation of some tragical subject; and, being favoured with a *bright idea*, had proceeded to the window to insert it in the memorandum book. On hearing me shriek he fled to my assistance; but ere he had time to speak, was whizzed headlong out of bed, and unluckily coming in contact with a certain earthenware utensil, dashed it in pieces. Such was the force of his fall, and his shirt so drenched with the saline fluid, that I was obliged to ring up the servants, in order to alleviate his sufferings by an internal application of hot brandy and water, and an external one of dry linen.

Notwithstanding this, and many equally disagreeable adventures, Roger keeps up a very decent appearance of affection; but I rather think that his fond, insinuating smiles resemble (if I may be allowed to poetize a little) the ocean, when irradiated by sun beams; the surface of which displays a brilliant *glow*, whilst all is *cold* beneath. And I have the greater reason for this supposition, when I recollect the lines he sent last week to his Cousin Jack; the two last stanzas of which seem to come directly from the heart. Jack, though not a poet, is one of your lovelorn gentry, who deals in sighs, vows, and such like nonsense. He had long paid attention to a pretty girl of the neighbourhood, but being very backward in his preparations for matrimony, the damsel stole a march upon him, and tripped away to church with another man. Jack, at first, talked of hanging, drowning, shooting, poisoning, starving, and a thousand other such dreadful things—much, no doubt, to the lady's amusement; whilst Roger, really dreading the event of his impetuosity, and thinking no remedy so effectual as poetry, sent him the following stanzas, to which I have just alluded:

1.

Doth not some author sing or say,
That he that fights and runs away
May live to fight another day,
My Jacky?

2.

Then doff those ribbons, green and white,
(Sad emblems of thy lovelorn plight)
Nor look thus glum as Manca's knight,
My Jacky.

3.

Hast thou a *woman* lost? what then?
The loss of one's the gain of ten
To us right reverend gentlemen,
My Jackey.

4.

4.

Courtship's a hillock, green and sunny,
Where Hybla's bees deposit honey,
Temptation sweet to matrimony,
My Jacky.

5.

But should'st thou strive those sweets to share,
Perchance the *swarm* will meet thee there,
And bees, I'm told, have *stings!—Beware*,
My Jacky.

The limits of my sheet prevent my saying any more at present, except that I am,

Sir,
Your very humble servant,
MARGERY RHYMER.

Extracts from M. Hue's recent Publication, entitled, "The Last Years of Louis XVI."

(Continued from Page 384.)

M. HUE has preserved the conversations of Malesherbes with the apparent accuracy of a Boswell; we shall select some of them.

"My friend," said he to me one day, "You, I hope, will long survive the death which awaits me. Store up then in your memory what you deserve to hear. To the points of view in which you have beheld the most virtuous, the most undaunted of men, add those which I shall describe to you." Some days after, M. de Malesherbes, yielding to my entreaties, had the goodness to give me a manuscript containing in substance the different conversations I am going to report.

"I saw Louis mount the throne," said M. de Malesherbes to me, "and though at an age when the passions are strongest, and the illusions of the imagination most powerful, he carried with him pure morals, a contempt of pomp, a wise bias to toleration, and an inexhaustible desire of doing good. His respect for religion was equal to the firmness of his belief. More than once expressing to me, how much he wished me to be of his religious opinions, he said: 'Without religion, my dear Malesherbes, there is no true happiness for men, either in society or as individuals. Religion is the strongest bond between man and man; it prevents the abuse of power and strength, protects the weak, consoles the unhappy, and ensures, in the social system, reciprocal duties. Believe me, it is impossible

to govern the people by the principles of philosophy.' This conviction was the firm basis of the virtues of Louis XVI. It made him a king just, clement, humane, and beneficent; it rendered him a faithful husband, a tender father, an affectionate brother, a good master; in a word, a paragon of moral and domestic virtues.

" At my introduction into the ministry, wishing to ascertain the motives of the *lettres de cachet*, previously issued, I conceived the plan of visiting the state prisons. I wanted the king himself to visit some of them, and that he should become acquainted with their situation and internal government; and I was particularly desirous, that such prisoners as had been too lightly or too long confined, should receive the news of their liberty from the mouth of the monarch himself. The king was highly delighted with the object of my plan, ordered me to put it in execution, and to employ in it the intendants of the provinces. ' But as for me,' added he, ' I will not visit any prison. Let us do good, M. de Malesherbes; but let us do it without ostentation.'

" Thus did the king throw over his virtues a veil which he even extended to his understanding. This was wrong. A king should display both. One day, being with his majesty on business, I was surprised at the extent of the knowledge he discovered. The king perceived it. ' I was sensible,' said he to me, ' at the finishing of my education, that I was far from having completed it; and I resolved to acquire the instruction I wanted. I wished to know the English, Italian, and Spanish languages. I learned them by myself. I made a sufficient progress in the Latin to translate the most difficult authors. Then, diving into history, I went back to the earliest ages of the world, and, descending from century to century to our own times, I applied myself more particularly to the history of France. I undertook as a task to clear up its obscurities. I studied the laws and customs of the kingdom; I compared the measures of the different reigns; I investigated the causes of their prosperity, and of their disasters. With this regular study, I united the perusal of all works of merit that appeared, particularly those on government and politics, on which I made my own remarks.'

" This avowal of the king's," continued M. de Malesherbes, " gave me a high opinion of the steadiness of his disposition, and of his capacity. While I was in the ministry, I daily had occasion to observe, that the timidity habitual to this prince was owing to too great a share of diffidence, which kept him constantly on guard against presumption, and made him think that, in business, his ministers possessed discernment superior to his own. It was this that made him so easily give up his opinion to that of his council. He was also apprehensive that

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he did not express his thoughts clearly. He said to me one day, 'I would rather leave my silence to be interpreted than my words.'

"To the same stock of diffidence is to be attributed the undecisive character which you have, perhaps, sometimes heard mentioned as a reproach to him. I was a daily witness of it in the council; and saw that it arose from his balancing what part was best to be taken, and from the many difficulties that occurred. He often said, 'What a responsibility! every step I take affects the fate of five and twenty millions of men.' If, in the course of the revolution, it has sometimes happened that he decided wrongly, it was upon grounds, as he said to me, which would have rendered his decision right, had it not been for acts of treachery, against which the most consummate prudence could be of no avail.

"The king was particularly pleased at the contempt I had for those outward forms which the world call graces, but which are too often the masks of deceit. 'M. de Malesherbes,' said he to me, 'you and I are ridiculed here for adhering to the manners of old times; but are not they better than the present fine airs? There are often vile things under their varnish.' The king was not ignorant of the jokes which the youth at the court took the liberty of casting on his manners; but he despised their opinion.

"While I was in the ministry, I never knew him order or approve any superfluous expence. He used to say to his ministers: 'Let us be frugal dispensers of the public treasure. It is the product of the sweat, and sometimes of the tears, of the people.' Unfortunately, all his ministers were not of that opinion.

"The first time that, as his counsel, I was admitted into the tower of the Temple, the king no sooner saw me, than he came up to me, and, without giving me time to finish my bow, took me into his arms; 'Ah! is it you, my friend?' said he, with the tears in his eyes, 'You see to what the excess of my love for the people, and that self-renunciation which induced me to consent to the removal of the troops intended for the defence of my power and person against the enterprizes of a factious assembly, have brought me to. You are come to assist me with your advice; you are not afraid of exposing your life to save mine; but it will be all in vain!' 'No, Sire,' replied I, 'I do not expose my life; and I even hope that your majesty's is in no danger; your cause is so just, and the means of your defence so clear!' 'No; they will put me to death. But no matter; it will be gaining my cause to leave a spotless name. Let us occupy ourselves on my means of defence.' The king afterwards spoke to me about M. Tronchet and M. de Sèze, my coadjutors. The former, having been a member and pre-

sident of the constituent assembly, was known to him. He asked me for some account of M. de Sèze, whom he knew only as a celebrated lawyer.

" When the king was taken before the assembly, called the national convention, to be examined, he was made to wait three and twenty minutes in a hall leading to the bar of the assembly. His majesty walked backwards and forwards; M. Tronchet and M. de Sèze, as well as myself, kept at a little distance from the king. As he spoke to me at times, in my answers I made use of the words, ' Sire, your majesty.' Treithard, one of the deputies, came suddenly in, and enraged on hearing the expressions I used in speaking to the king, put himself between his majesty and me; ' And what makes you so hardy,' said he to me, ' as to utter, in this place, words proscribed by the convention?' ' Contempt for you,' I replied, ' and a contempt of death.'

" I at first thought that the national convention, not daring to pronounce a sentence of death upon the king, would banish him. On that supposition, I asked him what country he would prefer for his residence. ' Switzerland,' replied he; ' what history reports of the lot of fugitive kings.' ' But, Sire,' said I, ' if the French people, coming to themselves, should recall you, would your majesty return?' ' Not to please myself, but as a duty I would. In that case, however, I should stipulate for two conditions on my return, the one, that the apostolic and Roman Catholic religion should continue to be the religion of the state, not excluding, however, other modes of worship; the other, that if a national bankruptcy were inevitable, it should be declared by the usurping power; for that power having made it neeessary, should bear the shame of it.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

The HONEST BRETON.

(Continued from Page 396.)

PEACE being restored to the young man's mind, it expanded its beneficent effects over his whole frame, and his fever decreasing by degrees, at length quite left him, and gave place to the serenity of calm recovery.

" At Montalde's time of life, nature is active, and soon renews her strength, and Plemer had the pleasure of seeing his young friend revive, like a flower watered by his hand, when almost withered to death.

" Now let me know," said he to him one day, after he saw that his health was perfectly restored, " by what wayward

fortune a young man so well inclined and educated as you are, could have fallen into the situation in which I found you."

"I am young," answered Montalde, "yet the history of my misfortunes would be long, were I to enter into a full detail of them, and let me be ever so brief I shall still relate too many.

"I was born at the foot of Mont-d'-or, in the most fertile country in the world. When I say it is the Limagne d' Auvergne I have said sufficient. No one is ignorant how luxuriously fertile this beautiful country is. Yet by an unhappy contrast, difficult to be accounted for, the greater number of the people of this fruitful province are poor, or in low circumstances.

"Of the last description were my parents. I was, notwithstanding, bred up with great care; and the constant view of nature, in all its charms, on one side; the majestic aspect of the mountains on the other; the romantic view of our orchards, our hills crowned with vines, and the gay meadows below embellished with fruit trees, where the crystal water from the sources of the Roya comes winding along in a full stream; in short, the labours, the pleasures, and the manners of our country had made such a lively impression on my mind, that in contemplating them, I imagined I was born a poet. My essays were highly approved of by people not very critical in their judgments, and I confess I was far from thinking them to be too favourable. Giddy with praise, and placing all my hopes of fortune upon my natural abilities, I requested my father not to trouble himself about me in the disposal of his fortune; my sisters were provided for with every advantage that the law would allow, and my father dying shortly after these arrangements, I left my mother with them in the enjoyment of the little patrimony that fell to me, and which she now possesses, reserving to myself a sum just enough to support me at Paris during the short time (as I thought) that it was necessary for me to live 'till I could begin my career.

"Immediately after my arrival, I went to pay my respects to a man as celebrated for his goodness, as for his taste and information, the sage D'Alembert. I never knew a more true philosopher; he had been one from his childhood. What nature had formed him, such he appeared every day, and in every situation. In this great man, you could not perceive any thing borrowed, fictitious, or studied. His little petulant humours, his ingenious foibles, and his puerile anger, as his friends stiled it, were as freely displayed as his most sublime ideas, or his firmest and most elevated sentiments.

"The frank and engaging reception he gave me inspired me with confidence. I told him of the hopes I had been encouraged to entertain, and requesting his opinion of the reality

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of them, I presented a copy of my works. 'Do you mean,' said he, 'that I should tell you my sentiments with strict and unreserved truth?' 'Yes, Sir,' said I with hesitation, 'I do, it is the greatest service you can do me; I shall think it like those remedies whose efficacy depends on their bitterness.' 'Well,' said he, 'then let us read.' We did so. Alas, Sir, how soon were all my illusions dissipated. Every thing that I looked upon as new in my pieces was common. All that I had delineated had before been described a thousand times better. He shewed me my models, and I felt myself annihilated. Perceiving my humiliation, in order to relieve me from it, he kindly took occasion to say, that destitute as I had been of instruction and example, he was greatly surprised that instinct had so well led me on. But he bade me to consider the fields of poetry as already reaped, and the beauties of imagination as a precious mine already exhausted. 'I do not positively affirm,' said he, 'that in its depths there are not still some veins in store for the exertion of genius; but it requires much digging, and long labour, and I promise you, that even after the most diligent study of art and nature, nothing is more doubtful, nor any thing more rare than the success and profit of poetic talents.'

"The service you do me,' said I, 'is great: the error was pleasing, and the remedy as painful; but, from henceforth, farewell to poetry. Yet if this means of distinguishing myself from the multitude, and of providing a maintenance, be denied me, what is to become of me?' 'You are now,' said he, 'as if you were at confession.' 'May I with safety answer for your conduct?' I laid myself entirely open to him, nor did I conceal even the little faults of my youth. 'Come,' said he, smiling, 'there is not much harm in all this; but 'tis now your time to consider whether you have resolution sufficient to sacrifice some part of your liberty for the benefit of living peaceably in Paris, above want, and in a situation where you will be enabled to observe the world, and to form your taste.'

"I readily submitted to these conditions; and a few days after was entrusted with the instruction of the countess of Ventaumont's children.

"In forming a plan for the education of my pupils, D'Alembert had the goodness to give me also some rules for my own conduct. In the house you are going to live in, familiarity with any person will be unbecoming; be careful, therefore, to avoid it. If others forget the dignity of your station, do not be forgetful of it yourself, but make them feel it with a becoming pride. Modesty, good breeding, respectful behaviour where you are conscious it is due from you; such are the decorums of your situation. Do not forget you will have to deal with pride, that you must neither depress nor flatter, talk little,

and hearken with attention. Precision, justness, and an easy turn of expression, as of thought, are the true marks of a sound mind; and a man with such accomplishments is well received every where. A man of wit is differently situated; he is often blamed and punished for his very successes.

" For uttering the truth let it be in the language of a free, but modest man. There is a method of being sincere without offending. Shun jesting, and do not answer the jests of others but by a reserved silence. It is a game that should be engaged in upon equal terms, and it will not be so in regard to you. Do not aim at wit, it is a mark that people too often miss; and of all pretensions this, when disappointed, is, perhaps, the most ridiculous. In a word, until your acquaintance with the world shall have taught you to converse with elegance upon common or trifling subjects, indulge those who speak well in the pleasure for which they will most thank you, that of giving them the hearing.

" You are right," said Plemer, " this D'Alembert was a sensible man." " But," says Montalde, " his instructions were useless; it was to no purpose that I followed them to the utmost of my power; in three months I was discarded.

" The haughty behaviour of the count made me sensible of the great distance I ought to keep from a man like him. He did, indeed, sometimes honour me with a courteous *how are you?* but it was *en passant*, and without attending to my answer. However, one day he condescended to enquire of me some particulars of his children's learning.

" I pointed out to him the plan which D'Alembert had recommended to me. ' Let us inspect it,' said he, looking it over, and a moment after he cried out, ' What a loss of time! Latin! of what use is it? Morality! that can only be acquired at court or in the great world! Metaphysics! ah! M. D'Alembert your descriptions, and solutions for such children as mine! A little history is very proper, not that of countries, but of families. You should let him have an abridgement of Moreri, by way of exercises. I would have them know distinctions, and, when occasion offered, be able to give an account of people. As to the genealogy of my own family, I would have them know it by heart, and never talk about it; for though they should be taught to feel who they are, yet they should not humble others. I have been reserved myself, and I have found my account in it.

" What a coxcomb," exclaimed the Breton, " this count was." " And yet," returned Montalde, " it was easy to live with him in comparison to the countess; for, all vanity as he was, you had only to humour his foible, and then you were well with him.

" But

"But it was impossible to know what the countess was, or what she wanted. From morning to night, from one hour to the next, she was ever in extremes. Mild, gentle, familiar, lofty, arrogant, disdainful; she would one moment put on a rigid modesty of deportment, and the next her pride would be unbounded. You would suppose her two distinct persons."

"Had she been my wife," said Plemer, "I should have brought her to an equality of temper in a little time."

"Whenever she appeared not to notice the superiority of birth, I was careful not to seem entirely of her opinion," said Montalde; "I would only allow, that in such superiorities there was more good fortune than real merit, and that it was more rational to be pleased than proud of it."

"On this she would tell her woman to be attentive. 'Hear him,' says she, 'it is a journeyman philosopher that M. D'Alembert thought proper to recommend us to cure us of the sin of pride.' And a short time afterwards she was again as it were, in the clouds, and would hardly vouchsafe to speak to me.

(To be continued.)

CHARACTER *of* WILKES.

By the Abbe De Vauxcelles.

Written in the Year 1768.

HISTORY has often done justice to the favourites of kings; it will be well to make known a man who has become the idol of the people, and particularly of the English people. Of all modern nations, they possess the noblest character; but enthusiasm becomes more fatal and dangerous in this country than in any other, because every man is at liberty to become factious.

Wilkes knows this, and confesses that he would not have dared to be what he is had he lived in any other country. I will endeavour to depict this man to you, who possesses nothing remarkable but his reputation. I have known him; I have conversed with him; he has not suffered me to think that he is merely a fanatic for liberty; and when I see with what impudence he deceived his nation, and braved the government, I concluded that the latter was inexpert, and the former easy to be seduced, since such a man has become dangerous.

His birth is obscure, and his ugliness notorious: his portraits, which are numerous, give but a feeble idea of it. He squints,

squints, and his teeth are crooked; his laugh has something infernal in it: but every passion is depicted with singular envy on his hideous countenance. He is susceptible of every sentiment, even of voluptuousness: not indeed the most delicate, but lively. He loves the sex greatly, and feels himself capable of loving them all except his wife. He has employed, with success, every possible means of quickly ruining himself. Necessity compelled him to write; and inclination made him a factious writer. This sort of celebrity flatters him; and an article in the newspaper, speaking of Mr. Wilkes, is to him a great delight. He speaks a great deal of glory, and pretends that Plutarch elevates his soul, and fills it with vast projects.

In fact, he has no other resource than that of faction. He resembles, in one sense, Cæsar: Cæsar was forced to overthrow Rome to pay his debts. These sort of people have great means in popular governments. In France he would have been simply a celebrated libertine, and have endeavoured to have become a man of letters; fear of the ministers would have prevented any thing beyond. But he has braved those of England: and after being proscribed as an obscene and libellous author, he re-appeared all at once, got himself elected a member of parliament, had the proceedings repealed, and annihilated the only means left to ministers of attacking the liberty of individuals. The present fruit of these bold steps is an imprisonment of twenty-two months: but he escaped from his creditors, and has formed in England a party of fanatics, who believe that in upholding him they acquit themselves of a debt due to their country.

He is about forty-two years old: he has renounced with glory the splendour of the court to be the pensionary of the people. That is a character which the late Mr. Pitt, now Lord Chatham, played with success, and which he abandoned when his fortune was made. Wilkes will be forced to keep it up, because he is too hateful to the king, and at the same time too debased, to follow the example. He said one day to Marmontel, that he would be content with the government of Jamaica; and he has since said in print, that he wishes to remain all his life a simple citizen. His mind is fertile in petty resources, calculated to re-animate constantly the precarious zeal of the people: he supplies by his writings the talent of speaking in public, which nature has denied him: his style is clear, energetic, and pure, though extremely figurative: he endeavours to repair his past frivolity by important undertakings: he studies the laws: he has published an "Introduction to the History of England." The plan of his life is laid out to an extreme old age; but it is hardly probably that his life will be happy, or his old age honourable. It is said, that the logic of self-interest is short: it is his, and his intrepidity braves every event:

event: he has behaved with courage in several affairs of honour, and whoever dares attack him must either kill him or be dishonoured by him.

Such a man will reckon as nothing the repose of others; none of the consequences of faction surprise him; he talks coolly of a civil war, which, however, he will never be able to produce. What is astonishing is that he speaks thus of himself; but what is shocking is, that his imprudence will discover some day that he is merely a political hypocrite, who laughs at his cause and at his principles, who has the insolence to avow that he does not value either Englishmen or England; and he ridicules the people, whose idol he has made himself.

I know not what his morals are with regard to individuals. He appears to me capable of friendship. He has that part of politeness which consists in wishing to please, and in being useful. His conversation is lively and witty; but he mixes with it much that is disgusting. He laughs loudly; he lives with fanatical citizens, who teaze him to death, and with demagogues, the refuse of the nation. He likes much to meet with a foreigner of good sense, to whom he can unfold his projects, and shew himself as an extraordinary man. Is he such in fact? I will not endeavour to compare him with any personage in history. He has dared to put in the public papers a parallel of his enterprise with that of Brutus, the liberator of Rome; and another, of his history (yet unfinished) with that of Hume's. He has often insulted this great writer, who despises him, and compares him, not to Brutus, but to Mazaniello.

I shall say but little of his religion, of which he makes no mystery. He pretends to be an unbeliever—I know not wherefore; but this I know, that he is impious, and often pleasantly so, if it be possible. A fanatical woman called upon him one day from God, in whom she believed: "He does me much honour," said Wilkes, "how does he do?"

OLD AGE NOT UNHAPPY.

MEN (remarks Mr. Cumberland) who have been in situations, and availed themselves of opportunities for conferring favours, are apt, when fortune turns against them, to be loud in their complaints of the ingratitude of mankind; I have had those opportunities, but am not warranted to make those complaints; whether I have not met with instances of ingratitude, or have outlived the recollection of them, I would not wish to ascertain, if it were in my power. I know that many people torment themselves with conceiving slights, and teize their hearers with describing them; I can readily call to

mind many small services of mine gratefully remembered and generously overpaid; I have had many true and steady friends, and never found myself cast off by any, only because I could no longer keep the station which I held before; when I am within their reach, they welcome me with all the cordiality of former times, and when I am master of a leisure day in London, I can always find a hospitable table and a friendly host; this is at once my consolation and my pride; I have lived beyond the ordinary limits of man's time on earth, and have not forfeited the good will of those with whom I lived; whilst, with few exceptions, from amongst the numbers who are now no more, I can reflect with comfort that I did not lose them 'till death took them from me.

One instance of injustice and oppression was so interwoven with my history, that I could not avoid the recording it. Setting that aside, which it now behoves me to do, I have much reason to think well of the world, and when my time shall come, much good cause to part from it in peace.

Let not my readers think I aim to give false colours to my character; I scorn the imputation, and am too sensible how nearly I am approaching to the hour when every idle word must be accounted for, to load my conscience with the guilt of an untruth.

PLEASURE.

IT was the remark of Langier, formerly a physician at the court of Vienna, that "At twenty-five, we kill pleasure; at thirty, we enjoy it; at forty, we husband it; at fifty, we hunt after it; and at sixty, we regret it!" He was, (observes Dutens) the St. Evremond of Vienna. Nobody had more deeply studied the art of being happy; and none better knew how to enjoy happiness himself, or to make others acquainted with it.

MARY OF BUTTERMERE.

THIS interesting and amiable young woman, equally celebrated for her beauty and her misfortunes, was lately married to Mr. R. Harrison, of Todcroft, in Corbeck, a respectable yeoman of the county of Cumberland. Mary Robinson was tall and particularly neat in her person; her manners were soft and retiring; her hair and eye-brows dark, and her countenance lovely, rather than beautiful. There was in her fea-

tures and demeanour, a tinge of melancholy from her infancy, that imparted something more than earthly to her looks, her actions, and her words; it was not the melancholy of disappointment or despair, but it appeared to be the effect of sensibility sympathising with the stillness and majesty of her native vale. She was born and brought up in her father's house upon the banks of Buttermere-water, and received such an education in the school of the vale (commonly conducted by the clergyman of the parish) as is usual in the pastoral vales of Cumberland. At the age of sixteen she began to officiate as waiter, or rather manager of her father's inn; and by her regularity, neatness, and attention, attracted the admiration, and gained the respect of all that visited the sublime and romantic scenery of Buttermere. 'Till the arrival of Hatfield, she had lived in that humble and contented innocence, which but for these happy vales would now be found only in the pages of romance, or in the dreams of poetry:

"Nor e'er had chang'd, or wish'd to change her place."

In her connection with this artful and specious character, there was much more to pity than condemn in the conduct of Mary. He was constant and earnest in his attentions to her, but 'till he proposed "honourable matrimony," she lent a deaf ear to all his solicitations, though he pressed his suit with a carriage and servants at the door of the inn, and with all the address of a gentleman and a scholar. When he was arrested and confined in Carlisle gaol, Mary returned to her father's house; but until he was condemned, she continued to believe him incapable of any moral depravity. She often wrote to him, and expressed (as she no doubt felt) a pure and sincere affection for him, which nothing but a conviction of his guilt could have defaced.

After his execution she never once mentioned his name, but returned to the duties of her humble situation, and seemed to discharge them, if with less alacrity than before, still with a sense of duty, and a desire of pleasing. She continued to be respected by the young and old in the neighbouring vales; but lived latterly as much retired as her situation would admit, as she seemed distressed by the impertinent curiosity and officious interest of strangers pretending to sympathize in her fate. She has at last married a man of good sense and sound morals, of habits, circumstances, and years corresponding with her own; and they have retired to the abode of his forefathers, amidst the wishes and prayers of the surrounding villages for their mutual happiness.

MONTIVAGUS.

Buttermere, May 3, 1808.

Answer, by G. A. T. A. of South Petherton, to the Charade in the Letter-Box, inserted March 28.

A Decent HOUSE, and virtuous WIFE,
Will lead me thro' a peaceful life.

*** Similar answers have been received from S. D. of South Petherton; T. Whicker, of Exeter; and Hester Easter, of Poole.

Answer, by N. W. of Sidmouth, to J. A. Dyer's Rebus, inserted April 4.

A LEVEL is the tool I ween,
Which in your rebus may be seen.

*** A similar answer has been received from G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; W. D. Champion, J. Melhuish, and J. Trood, of Bridgewater; Hester Easter, of Poole; a constant reader, J. Treadwin, and J. Saunders, jun. of Exeter; G. Russell, and J. Horsey, of Castle Castle academy; Alphonso, of St. Austell; Xenophon, of Plymouth; Philo Musæus; John Tucker, of Ottery Barracks; W. Kent, of Camelford; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; B. Hockaday, of Wembury; J. Woodman, of North Curry; W. R. Cave, of Pitney; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; and J. Whitnell, of ****.

Answer, by B. Hockaday, of Wembury, to H. Ellis's Charade, inserted April 4.

WHEN gone is dreary winter's gloom,
And spring smiles o'er her infant bloom,
Then from your dark charade shall rise,
BLOOMFIELD, to chaunt her gentle skies.

*** Similar answers have been received from a private in the Ottery artillery; J. Woodman, of North Curry; Hester Easter, of Poole; G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; P. Gove, J. Saunder, jun. and J. Osborn, of Exeter; J. Horsey, and G. Russell, of Castle Cary academy; J. Tucker, of Ottery Barracks; Xenophon, of Plymouth; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; W. Kent, of Camelford; and W. R. Cave, of Pitney.

A REBUS, *by J. Whitnell, of* ****.

A Well-known tree must first be found,
My first you'll then declare;
Four-sixths my second will expound,
Of what most people wear:
When you my whole have rightly hit,
You quickly will obtain,
My dwelling-place, in Somerset,
The same, ye bards, explain.

A CHARADE, *by G. A. T. A. of South Petherton.*

FROM yonder garden fetch my balmy first,
So rich, so useful in the healing art;
The tender mother pleas'd my second doth,
While pressing her dear infant to her heart;
When Flora calls her blooming offspring forth,
To drink the beamings of the vernal ray;
Then shall my whole in tints of beauty glow,
'Till zephyr bears its fragrant sweets away.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

HORRORS *of* WAR.

WHAT means the clam'rous noise that rends the air,
And wildly echoes to the list'ning ear?
Ah! 'tis the sounds of desolating war,
Which spreads its horrid ravages afar.
The sulph'rous flames in lofty columns rise,
And smoke and vapour fill the ambient skies.
Here, welt'ring in their blood, the wounded lie,
Nor can the shouts of battle drown their cry.
But hark! the sound of victory proclaims
One party vanquish'd, and they quit the plain;
Pursue the flying army from the field,
And make the stragglers to their prowess yield.
Now the marauder, of no foe afraid,
Securely robs the bodies of the dead;
And should the suff'rer but a groan impart,
He plants his bloody weapon in his heart.
Nor is he with the field alone content,
But onward moves, on dire destruction bent,
The towns and peaceful hamlets to destroy,
And there fresh scenes of rapine to enjoy;
The helpless orphan's and the widow's cries,
No gentle feelings in his breast arise;
They fall alike the victims of his sway,
To sordid av'rice and to lust a prey.

Propitious Heaven! whose guardian care
E'er heeds the suppliant suff'rer's pray'r,
Oh grant that war, tyrannic war, may cease,
And bless all nations with the joys of peace!

Exeter, April, 1808. H. ELLIS.

ADVICE *to a* FRIEND.

AND would'st thou seek the low abode,
Where peace delights to dwell?
Pause, traveller, on thy way of life,
With many a snare and peril rife
Is that long labyrinth of road:
Dark is the vale of years before;
Pause, traveller, on thy way!
Nor dare the dangerous path explore
'Till old experience come to lend his leading ray.

Not he who comes with lanthorn light
Shall guide thy groping pace aright,
With faltering feet and slow;
No! let him rear the torch on high,
And every maze shall meet thine eye,
And every snare, and every foe;
Then with steady step and strong,
Traveller, shalt thou march along!

Tho'

Tho' power invite thee to her hall,
Regard not thou her tempting call,
Her splendour's meteor glare:
Tho' courteous flattery there await,
And wealth adorns the dome of state,
There stalks the midnight spectre care;
Peace, traveller, does not sojourn there.

If Fame allure thee, climb not thou
To that steep mountain's craggy brow,
Where stands her stately pile;
For far from thence does peace abide,
And thou shalt find fame's favouring smile
Cold as the feeble sun on Heela's snow-clad side!

And, traveller, as thou hop'st to find
That low and lov'd abode,
Retire thee from the thronging road,
And shun the mob of human kind.

Ah! hear how old experience schools,
"Fly, fly the crowd of knaves and fools,
And thou shalt fly from woe;
The one thy heedless heart will greet
With Judas smile, and thou wilt meet
In every fool a foe."

So safely may'st thou pass from these,
And reach secure the home of peace,
And friendship find thee there!
No happier state can mortal know,
No happier lot can earth bestow,
If love thy lot shall share.

Yet still content with him may dwell,
Whom Hymen will not bless,
And virtue sojourn in the cell
Of hermit happiness.

Bristol. R. SOUTHEY.

LIBERTY.

[From the Poem entitled "Fancy's Child."]

LIBERTY! thou parent good,
Dearest inmate of my breast!
Ever reign in my abode,
Watch me in my hours of rest.

Hover o'er me as the sun,
Cheer me with your gladd'ning dew,
Let my breath in raptures run,
I'll be faithful still to you.

Friend of Britain, blissful land!
There thou hast thy chosen seat,
Science, art, go hand in hand,
There the muses gladly meet.

Commerce, with thy genius fir'd,
Envied rank to Britain lends;
Lux'ry has what she desir'd,
Industry and she are friends.

April 30, 1808.